

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JULY 19 1895.

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PHYSICIANS.
J. W. MARTIN,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office—B. H. Henry's Store, No. 100
DR. DILL,
HOMEOPATHIST.

Office: First stairway west of
First National Bank.
RESIDENCE: 614 North Franklin,
Kirkville, Mo.

L. J. CONNER,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office—Sperry, Mo. Will attend calls day
and night.
O. W. AVERY,
Eclectic Physician

will give special attention to the treatment
of chronic diseases. Office in rear of Union
Bank, down stairs. Office hours: from 9 a.
m. to 12 and 1 p. m. to 5 p. m.

DR. T. H. BOSCOV,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
FROM THE

to the 24th of Each Month.
He treats chronic or long standing disease
successfully, especially diseases of the lungs
throat, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc.
Nerve affections and all diseases arising from
impure blood. Office two doors east
of Lillard's shoe store.

J. F. RICE,
Physician and Surgeon

Office—In rear of Goben building, up stairs.
G. A. GOREN. G. H. NICHOLS
Res. 901 Madison St. Res. East Harrison St.
Physician and Surgeon.

GOBEN & NICHOLS,
Physician and Surgeon.

OCULISTS AND OPTICIANS.
They will attend calls at all hours.

J. F. SNYDER,
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Office—Over Fowler's drug store. Attends
all calls in city or country.

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RESIDENCE ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF
SQUARE. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN
TO DISEASES OF THE STOMACH.
Office—Over First National Bank.

M. WILCOX,
Physician and Surgeon.

Will attend calls at all hours.
DR. M. A. ATKINSON,
Late of Canton, formerly of St.
Louis, has located permanently in
KIRKSVILLE,
and will give special attention to
diseases of the

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
Office at
WARD'S DRUGSTORE, WEST SIDE

ATTORNEYS.
J. C. STORM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES AND WILLS
WRITTEN. OFFICE, FIRST NA-
TIONAL BANK BUILDING,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

W. D. GOODE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

OFFICE—Front rooms over First
National Bank.

R. R. DUNKIN, L. L. B.
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
OFFICE OVER UNION BANK.

P. F. GREENWOOD,
Attorney-at-law

KIRKSVILLE, MO.
OFFICE—Over Savings Bank

INSURANCE.
1873 THE 1894
OLD RELIABLE INSURANCE
AND LOAN AGENCY

J. C. THATCHER,
Has passed into its 21st year of successful busi-
ness. It has paid thousands of dollars for
losses. No losses unpaid or unadjusted.
MORTGAGE—If you want pay for your losses
by fire, lightning, or wind storms, insure
with the Old Reliable, South side Square,
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DR. B. C. AXTELL,
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A TIGER SKIN'S SECRET.

It was the morning after the party. Outside the magnolia blooms rustled softly in the breeze, and the murmur of the Okeechee river kept up its soft monotone.

Within the great echoing hall Lillias Lejeune lay, her hands interlocked under her head, the gorgeous striped Afghans making a proper setting to her girlish beauty; her forty-year-old maiden aunt sat at the other end of the place, arranging long-stemmed roses in a quaint Omari vase, with dragon handles, and throat splashed with the delicious blue tint so dear to connoisseurs.

Lillias—"Lill!" they called her, to distinguish her from Miss Lejeune, the elder—was a rosebud of seventeen. Miss Lillias, on the contrary, was a rose in full bloom. "I do think," said Lill, smothering an incipient yawn, "that Colonel Mainwaring was the handsomest man here last night, for all of his five and forty years."

Lillias shrugged her shoulders. "You young people are so intolerant," said she. "You talk of Colonel Mainwaring as if he were a second Methuselah!"

"But five-and-forty—it's almost fifty!" said Lill. "Some people are horrid at fifty. He isn't, though. I wonder, Aunt Lillias, why he never married?"

Miss Lejeune rose. "I haven't half enough of these Glory of Dijon roses," said she. "I must go down and gather more."

"But it's so warm!" pleaded Lill.

"It's shady down in the rose garden."

Lill looked sleepily after the light, retreating figure.

"I wonder if it's true," said she, "that Colonel Mainwaring was in love with Aunt Lillias years and years ago before he went to India? How funny, to think that there were love and lovers twenty years ago! But Colonel Mainwaring will make a royal lover for somebody yet. I am—not—certain—but—that—I'll—try—for—him myself."

And Lill drifted into dimpled slumber.

While Lillias Lejeune, clipping away among the glossy leaved vines with her rose scissors, was utterly reckless whether she cut flowers, stems, or stalks.

"Why does he come back here to haunt me?" she asked herself, with restless shining eyes. "I had schooled myself to forget him; why did he not stay where he was? One thing is very certain: he shall not again have the chance to jilt me!"

Just then a little woolly-pated pickaninny came sunning toward her.

"Please, Miss Lillias," he cried, "Miss Dally Warden wants to see you! Miss Dally she's pow'ful bad to-day."

Lillias gave a little shudder.

Dallette Warden was the overseer's daughter, a woman of about her age, who was dying of consumption. She did not like Dally and never had liked her, but how was it possible to refuse a dying request like this?

"I will come," she answered, shortly.

Dally sat propped up among her pillows, her pallid face lighted up with the shine of her great fevered eyes. She had once been very pretty; she had an interesting countenance still.

"It's very condescending of Miss Lejeune to come to visit the poor overseer's daughter," said she ironically.

But Lillias ignored the tone.

"If there is anything I can do for you, Dally!" she asked, gently.

"No," flashed the girl, "there's nothing anybody can do for me anymore! But I'd like you to understand one or two things, Miss Lejeune, before it is too late."

Lillias looked puzzled.

"You and I have been rivals always," said Dally. "Oh you may pretend not to know it! That amazed look of yours is excellent

acting, but it don't impose on me. You were afraid that Edgar Mainwaring would like me better than he liked you, and that night you gave the party at the Hall you didn't ask me. You said it wasn't fitting that the overseer's daughter should be invited to mingle with all the grandes of the country. Oh, you were fine and haughty in those days! But you never dreamed that the poor overseer's daughter could make or mar your fate for you. When Mr. Mainwaring went to India—he was not a colonel in those days, and your father the judge, didn't think him good enough to tie your dainty shoe-ribbons for you, grand lady that you were—was it to you that he wrote or to Dally Warden, the overseer's daughter? Look at that set of ivory chessmen on the shelf. That came from Burrampore. Look at that tiger-skin on the floor, all black and gold, with the head erect, as if it would spring at you. That was from the jungles of Ardpootra. He sent those to Dally Warden, not to Miss Lejeune. And I saw you looking paler and sadder day by day, and I was revenged."

Lillias had drawn back; she had reddened at first and then grown pale.

"Is that what you wanted to say to me?"

"Isn't it enough?" instantly retorted the consumptive, an evil smile writhing her lips.

"Too much," shuddered Miss Lejeune. "I am sorry, Dally, that you entertain such vindictive feelings toward me. I never intended to wound you."

"Oh, it don't matter!" said Dally. "I'm revenged—that is all. I've lived to see the proud Miss Lejeune a broken hearted woman. Now, so far as I know, there's nothing left to live for, and I'm ready to go."

And Miss Lejeune's last impression of Dally Warden was that of small exultant eyes, like those of a serpent—a yellow tressed head drawn back, cobra-cape a fashion and such a sinister smile as Lucrèce Borgia might have smiled.

That was the last time she ever saw Dally Warden alive. The poor girl died that night.

"Please, Miss Lillias," said old Judith the purblind cook, who lived near the overseer's cottage. "dey says Miss Dally she done wanted yo' to hab de tiger-skin wid de green glass eyes for yo' bed room flo' Lef' it to yo' in her will."

"I don't want it," said Lillias Lejeune. "You may have it, Judy."

"Tankee, miss—tankee, mighty much!" said the old woman, gleefully, displaying her stumps of yellow teeth. "Old Judy'll be as fine as a fiddle with dat tiger-skin on her cabin flo'—will so."

She called Lillias triumphantly into her little habitation the next day to display the new treasure. With a ponderous pair of spectacles perched on her nose and an old jack-knife she was ripping off the lining.

"Clar ett up by de moths, Miss Lillias," she declared. "I'll hab to git it relined fore it can be fairly decent. Yo' can read, Miss Lillias, can't yo'? But ole Judy she never had no education. And here's a lot o' writ paper sheets tucked in between the linin' an, de skin hese 'f, like as dough dey was quilted in. Wha' does dey mean, honey—eh? Kin you tell ole Judy?"

Lillias stooped down and took up the dry and dusty relics.

"They are letters," she said. "Letters writtento—"

She stopped abruptly. She might have added:

"Written to one dear Lillias," and signed "Edgar Mainwaring."

Loving, pleading letters that begged for but one word of answer—letters whose faded ink and dry, rustling paper took one back nearly a quarter of a century.

"I have sent these to Dallette Warden's care," he wrote, "because she tells me your father is vehemently opposed to my suit and will receive no correspondence

She promises to forward your answer, if ever you deign me one. If not, I shall of course, accept your silence as a sufficient doom."

And all these letters had been opened and mercilessly perused by Dally, the overseer's daughter, then hidden away beneath the snarling teeth, the cruel green glass eyes of the man-eating tiger of Ardpootra. Thus had she nursed her revenge.

Lillias drew a long sigh. "I'll take these papers, Aunt Judith," said she. "They—they are interesting to no one but me."

"Tankee, Miss Lillias," said the old crone, contentedly stroking the spotted gorgeousness of the tiger's skin.

Colonel Mainwaring was coming slowly up from the Okeechee, his jointed fishing-rod flung over his shoulder, his eyes fixed gravely on the violet potted grass at his feet, when the flowering branches of the glen were parted, and a tall, slight figure in white stood beside him.

"Miss Lejeune!" he exclaimed. "Colonel Mainwaring!"

"He looked—as well he might—supremely surprised."

She took all her womanly courage in her hand and spoke out what was in her heart.

"Will you look at these letters, that are in my hand?" she said. "They were written, as it seems to me, but they never reached me until now."

And then in a low voice she related the whole story.

He looked intently at her.

"You are going to give them back to me?" he asked.

"You have not answered them. No! I am going to keep them."

"I have never had the opportunity."

"Lillias, will you answer them now?"

"Yes, Colonel Mainwaring."

"And what is the answer to be?"

"It is to be 'Yes!'"

So the tiger of the Ardpootra jungles had yielded up the secret, and the lo-garted lovers, were reunited at last in spite of Dallette Warden's treachery.

And he's just as much in love with her as if he were a boy of eighteen and she one of this seasons rosebuds," sighed Lill. "And I'd almost made up my mind to set my cap for him. No one can be too good for Aunt Lillias, and I am sure Colonel Mainwaring deserves the nicest wife in the world, so that all is right at last."

And the two lovers, secure in their own happiness, never betrayed the secret of Dallette Warden's envious heart.

The tiger skin lies gleaming on Aunt Judith's floor, and she solemnly avows that "it blinks dem dreadful glass eyes at her atween daylight and dark, like it was alive."

And in the country whither poor Dallette has gone there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

The Grain Tip Scandals.

The rumor of leakage from the government reports concerning crop prospects is one that should be investigated thoroughly. A large sum yearly is appropriated for the compilation of that very important subdivision of vital statistics which relates to the food supply of the country. If the knowledge which the government thus gains in advance of, and in far more trustworthy form than any returns that can be had by individual or by corporate effort has been sold to grain speculators, the sellers should be punished severely.

This is by no means the first rumor of such leakage. It has come to be the rule that a rumor of leakage accompanied, or rather preceded, the publication of nearly every government report upon food supplies, but as yet no more than a perfunctory investigation, followed by a magniloquent declaration of the falsity of the suspicion has been made.—Inter Ocean.

To make your business pay, good health is a prime factor. To secure good health, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When the vital fluid is impure and sluggish there can be neither health, strength nor ambition.

The Arizona Kicker.

We are glad to announce that Major Shorter who had a little difficulty with a cowboy named Davidson several weeks ago is able to be out again, though he is still carrying one of the bullets in his leg. The major is a born joker and never misses an opportunity to have some fun. The cowboy, who lives on Big X ranch, came to town on an errand and he looked so meek and mild and humble that the Major sized him up for a tenderfoot just arrived from the east. There was a crowd in front of the post office and as the cowboy halted to gaze around him the major pulled his gun, stepped forward and yelled to him to throw up his hands. It was all in fun, but the cowboy didn't take it that way. He put two bullets into the major quicker 'n seat, and would have added half a dozen to the number had not the crowd restrained him. The ease was explained to him over and over again but he could not see where the joke came in, and curiously enough the major has not been able to point out the place where the laughter and applause should come in. He has a limp in the left leg which will accompany him through life, and though he may joke again, he will take the precaution to ascertain whether it is loaded or not.

On Saturday last a man named Nelson arrived here from Prescott and called at the post-office to inquire for mail. When we were appointed postmaster a few weeks ago we put up a sign at the general delivery window reading: "Pounding on the shelf with the butt of a gun is strictly forbidden." About twenty of our citizens refused to heed the warning and met with various mishaps. The stranger in town decided that we were putting altogether too much style for a common postmaster, and had no sooner read the sign than he pulled out two guns and began to hit at a tattoo on the shelf. Our chief clerk looked out and warned him away but he would not go. We were busy at the moment but after a while got time to attend to his wants. As we appeared in the corridor he turned his gun on us, but before he had time to pull the trigger we had him by the neck and disarmed. He then appeared to lose consciousness for about 20 minutes and when he came back to earth he was in the city lock up and his head felt several times too large for his body.

We are not trying to run this post office after New York style. Indeed we want all callers to feel perfectly at home and drop in as often as may be and stay as long as they can. Nevertheless there is a certain dignity connected with every postoffice which must be maintained at all hazards, and we propose to maintain it here if we have to face a dozen guns per week. The general delivery is always open and a clerk at hand, and pounding on the shelf with a shooting iron is a bluff we are determined not to put up with.

Three weeks ago Colonel Rankin of the Sunflower ranch stopped his subscription to the Kicker and sent us word that if we wanted any explanations they would be made in the shape of bullets. We knew what ailed the colonel. He is a crank on the subject of murders.

We have had accounts of as many as thirty-two murders in one issue and yet he would call at our office and declare we were running a one horse sheet in the interests of woman's rights alone. We didn't get time till last Sunday to ride out to Sunflower and have it out with the colonel. He had been expecting us for several days and had barricaded the house and laid in a thousand extra cartridges. It so happened, however, that he was riding out among his cattle when we arrived and we got between him and the house before he saw us. He fired seven or eight shots at long range and then headed for Lone Jack at a gallop. We overhauled him after a race of three miles and made him get down and have a talk. The result of the con-

fab was that he renewed his subscription for a year and subscribed for four extra papers to be sent to friends. Our jealous-minded contemporary, who indulges in a half column sensation about the affair, says we forced the colonel to shell out at the muzzle of a gun. That is all bosh of course. When a local subscriber stops the Kicker, we call on him for an explanation and try to find out what is wrong. We do not force any one to subscribe to our paper. We may display our guns and indulge in argument but there is no coercion. The colonel was mad because we didn't have more murders in the paper. We promised him to keep the number up to 50 per week if possible to get hold of that many accounts, and he was more than satisfied.

Among the improvements being made in town this summer we notice that the Bald Eagle Saloon is being lengthened by 20 feet or more at the rear. The idea is to make a private room where a few gentlemen can sit down to a quiet game of poker or a smoke and chat without being interrupted by the shooting at the bar. It will be called "The Editorial Room," in honor of the editor of The Kicker, and now and then, when we wish relax on from the busy cares of life, we shall be found there holding at least three of a kind and willing to back our hand to the expense of \$50. Mr. Johnson, the proprietor of the Bald Eagle, has done his best for a year past to discourage shooting affrays in his place, but as many of his patrons desire to avoid such things, he is going to an expense of several hundred dollars to fit up a room which will be entirely bullet proof. Another noticeable improvement, which he completed next week, is the lengthening of the bar of the Wild Bull Saloon. The saloon started in business in 1892 with a bar 12 feet long, at which only seven men could stand up to with comfort. In 1893 it was lengthened to 20 feet. In 1894, to 30 feet, and now it will be extended to 40, which will give from 20 to 25 men opportunity to rest one elbow on the bar as they drink. There are several other saloon bars which are to be extended from 5 to 15 feet this summer, and though these things cannot be regarded in the light of a boom, they are certainly straws which show that the wind is coming around into the right quarter.

Our esteemed contemporary was out in a half-sheet last week, and his apology to the pulic was an accident to his press. We know all about that "accident."

The critter somehow got the idea that he could play poker, and one night last week he sat down to a game with Judge Coldtree. On the first hand out the Judge got a full house while our esteemed only secured a pair of jacks. Someone had told him that a pair of jacks would beat anything out, and he kept raising the Judge till he was called and lost every dollar he had. He wasn't able to buy paper for his issue, nor will he be for the next six months to come, unless he raises money on a third mortgage on his office. He can't edit, shoot, nor play make a speech, get office, nor ride poker; and what on earth he is fooling around out here for is something beyond us.—M. QUAD, in Detroit Free Press.

To improve the appetite, restore healthy action to the bowels, promote digestion and regulate all the bodily functions, Ayer's pills are the best. As a mild but effective aperient no pill is in greater demand or more highly recommended by the medical profession.

It May Do As Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began the use of Electric Bitters and found immediate relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c for large bottle. At B. F. Henry's drug store.

How She Conquered.

George Paul, a young civil engineer, while surveying a railway in the Pennsylvania hills, met a plain, lovable little country girl, and married her. After a few weeks he brought her home to his family in New York, and left her there while he returned to camp.

Marian had laid many plans to win the affections of her new kinsfolk. She had practised diligently at her music, she was sure they would be pleased to hear her stories of her beautiful sister and her brother; she imagined their admiration of her new blue silk gown and winter bonnet.

But the Pauls, one and all, were indifferent to her music, her family and her gowns. They gave "George's wife" a friendly welcome, and then each went on his or her way, and paid no more attention to her.

After the first shock of disappointment, Marian summoned her courage. "If I have nothing to give them, they have much to give me," she thought, cheerfully.

She listened eagerly while Isabel sang, and her smiles and tears showed how keenly she appreciated the music. She examined Louisa's paintings every day with unflagging interest, discussed every effect, and was happy if she could help mix the colors or prepare the canvas. She questioned grandma about her neuralgia, advised new remedies, or listened unwearied to the account of old one days after day.

When Uncle John, just returned from Japan, began to describe his adventures, Marian was the only auditor who never grew tired nor interrupted him. After a two hours lecture, in which her part had been that of a dumb, bright-faced listener, Uncle John declared that George's wife was the most intelligent woman that he had ever met.

When George came home, the whole family was loud in her praises. She was a fine musician; she had unerring taste in art; she was charming, witty and lovable; but George soon saw that she had won them unconsciously; not by displaying her own merits, but by appreciating theirs.

This is a true story in fact, but the truth of its meaning is repeated where ever a woman is found who has the intangible quality called "charm."

She may be deformed or pock-marked, but will win friendship and love by the lack of self-consciousness, by her quick sympathy with others.

Many an unattractive girl would save herself much anxiety and vain effort at her entrance into the world of society if she understood that it was made up of individuals each of whom desired to find not the beauty, wit, or talent of others, but the cordial recognition of their own.

If you can honestly forget yourself and take an interest in others, you will soon find yourself surrounded by hosts of friends; but if you dishonestly affect this interest, you will deceive no one. Your dullest companion will recognize you as a snob and a toady.

High Tariff or Low Tariff

does not interest the individual who is suffering from colic or diarrhoea. What he wants and wants badly is Foley's colic and diarrhoea cure 25c and 50c. B. F. Henry, druggist.

Knights of the Maccabees.

The state commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter as our experience proves that it cures where all others fail." Signed F. W. Stephens, State com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at B. F. Henry's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.

